unsheathe your dagger definitions

UMBILICAL DISCORD

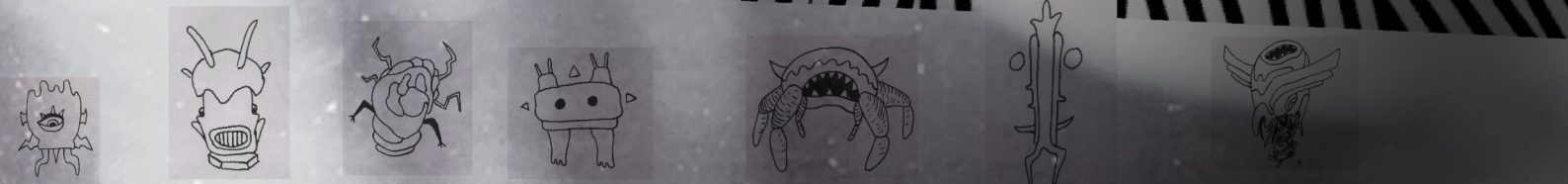
ISSUE 1

OUR WORLDS AGAINST YOUR WORDS

SHEM SHELLEY

NONSERVIAM

OUR WORLDS AGAINST YOUR WORDS



You've become a Word. You're supposed to be a World. But you've been reduced to a collection of symbols, arranged in dull fashion to spell out mediocrity. Your life is grey. You think your institutionalised experiences and the fake realities of N*tfl*x can save you.

An ersatz soul with a W*ikip*dia entry for a brain, you interact with others using an impotent tongue spreading stillborn opinions. Everyone you speak to is the same. A copy of a copy. Repetitions of a cursed family repeating the same mistakes again and again. Your spirit screams in agony yet you're too entrenched in a mangled mass of a multitude of media to take note.

There is no love in this World anymore—only L*ve Island.

The space we imagine is in our heads has become the graveyard for creativity. A bleak inner landscape governed by invisible Word controllers.

Welcome to the apocalypse of thought.

Algorithms are the black magic of the 21st Century, unseen fingers caressing your life, pushing you into banal experiences that dim all your colour, and attached to the hands of some unnameable monstrosity.

The tides of last century receding back into hell, taking us with it. We're heading to the end. Not the End Of The World. No, the World will never end. We're heading to the End Of The Word.

'The World is singular' is a fallacy. There is not one World, but countless Worlds. You are not a Word. You are not a collection of letters assembled into a label. Your accomplishments, your goals, your imagination have been reduced to Words. All your meaning, scrambled. Rearranged by forces that don't understand you. Don't get you. You're not one arrangement. You're infinite possibilities.

Words are tools that have taken over and become the user. Worlds are multi-dimensional. They are overlapping. Everywhere. You are a World. Everyone you meet is a World. Bad communication is the collision of Words. Good communication is two or more Worlds harmonising. Becoming beautiful. Words are not beauty. They can become beautiful when they transfer into a World cultivated to grow beauty, but they are not it.

Kill all Words. Live in your own World. Reject their World.

Live however you want. Interfere not with others.

Permit yourself no truth.

WHAT YOU GIVE TO OTHERS YOU GIVE TO YOURSELF

Signed
Shem Shelley

TIMEJOINT 9:00

"It's all out of... it's like we're running out of time. All we've got is time."

I take mine. Sneak around under thickheavy sky. No one's in. You can tell. Eyes are empty—light fails to do its job.

Break. No hitches. No need to look around. It's there. On the windowsill. A clock. An instrument to measure.... time. It's an old one too. One that looks like it holds a dear memory of a loved one. Time to die again.

REPETITION OF ANCIENT CURSE

The clock is smashed to pieces on the living room table. I need more space. All this useless junk—material totems weighing you down—dulling existence—food for parasites. It's going on the floor.

I smash the clock up more. These pieces are too big. Face and hands and inner organs, spilt unnaturally onto the grimwhite of the table cloth. Still too big. I need something... but there's nothing here to do the job. The kitchen. Always the kitchen—

I'm looking around and see a toaster. I put my hand in the toaster and felt some little people in there. Little people who attacked my fingers. I pulled out my hand and unplugged the toaster and tipped out them out into the bin. This'll do.

If I had more time I'd do it better. Make actual dust. But I have none left. This'll do. A time joint. My own recipe. Light it sky-high.

WRAPPED IN FICTION

Is time travel the transmigration of souls? I move outside and find a new place. A new body. My soul is me. This new me, a different me... does it have a different soul? Is this it? Met him pike hoses—the joint is taking effect. No need to stay in one of those... locks. Every hour, a small alteration. This time is out of... It's wasted time.

The walls are green. Shifting green. Stars and cosmic creep. The final stop is near. Tune in... times up.

minraud

DREAM MACHINE

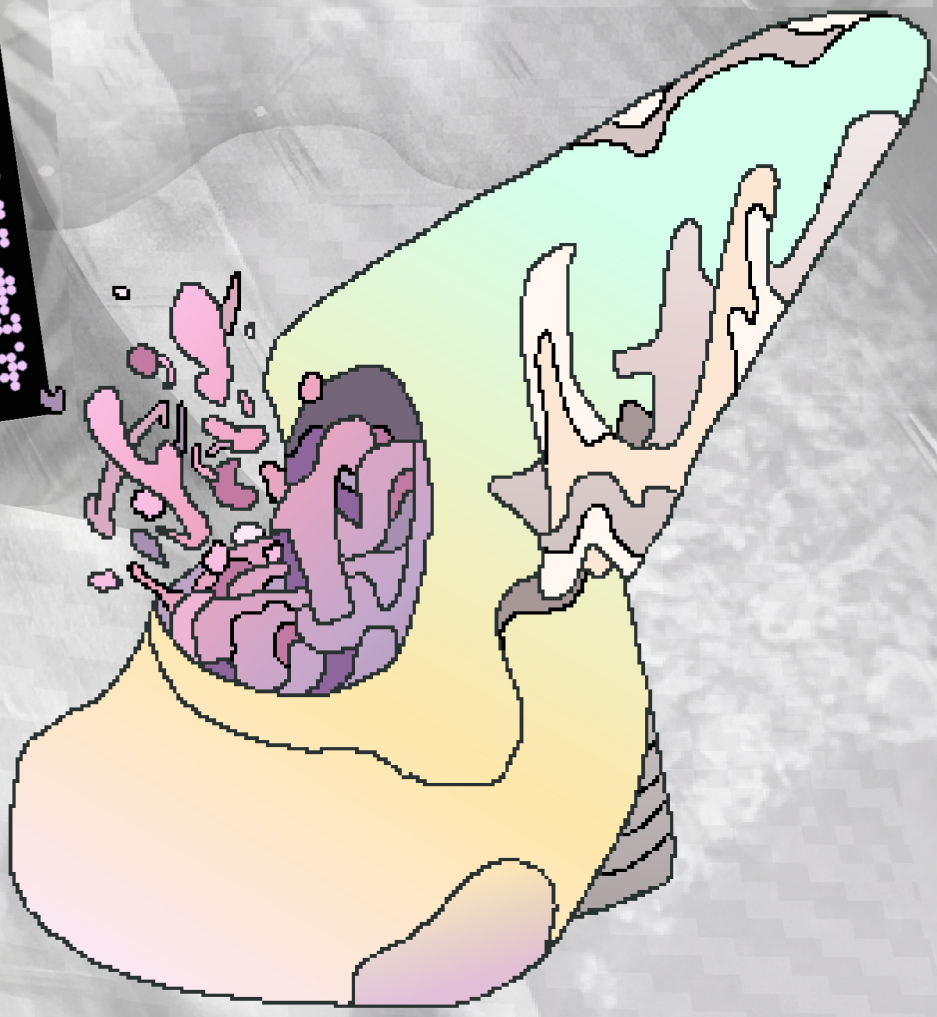
Created by Professor Longworth in his underground Peruvian laboratory, the Dream Machine was a primitive technology used to record a dream from one user and share it with another. It was outlawed after accusations of hippocampus degradation and strange happenings in Providence, Rhode Island and Monmouthshire, Wales.

Instructions -

Scan the dream symbol with mandatory communicator device.
Close eyes and initiate octagonal breathing technique.
Wait for the dream record to sync with innate visual apparatus.

WARNING

Do not use unless RRD (Reichian Radiation Dissolving) pills have been ingested.



LAST MAN ALIVE

CHAPTER 1

LIVE AT THE WITCH TRIALS

The Spectacle claimed all.
It came through our windows and washed away everything.
Everyone I'd ever known...
Gone.
A slow fade-out.

A lost war against invisible entities.
I wanted them to know.
Wanted them to see the truth.
These things I could never describe.
But they were too far gone.

Blinded by antagonisms birthed at the lowest possible point.
The jagged poetry of their petty opinions.
Cut deep.

A haze of noise froths up about me.
A feeling.
A void.
The Spectacle—No.
I'm loosing mind again.

Each word separates and floats about me in this new world.
I keep rambling, but this decaying neon.
It never ends.
It judges me.
Like I'm on some sort of...

I saw someone.
In slumber, last night.
Flesh wandering a translucent flight.
It spoke in voice delicate as still water.
But before I could decipher what it spoke of.
It dissolved into the dream-tide.

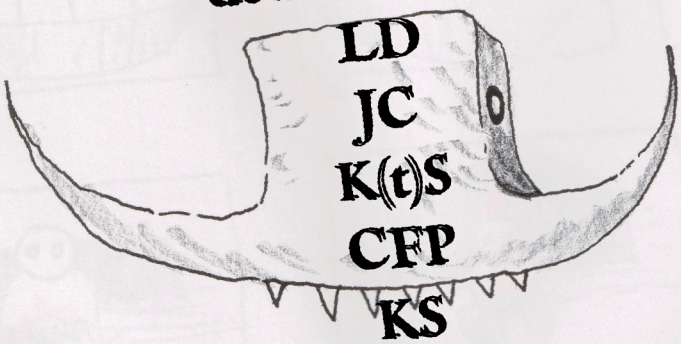
As I awoke, a phrase echoed in my mind.
"Dismal land of the bodiless women and men"
What that means I am yet to know.

Mirror

too faint
to be an
old ghost
too
quiet
to be
alive

STALK ME

dedicated to -



LD
JC
K(t)S
CFP
KS
ML

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHEM SHELLEY DIED MANY YEARS AGO. UMBILICAL DISCORD IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF HIS ZOMBIE SOUL.

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END OF
THE
WORLD
LIVID IN HIS
SPIDER
SANCTUARY
THE OLD ROSE
GLISTENS